

Overture

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

[♩ = 124]

8

9

13

17

p marcato

f

mf legato

21

25

33

35

37

Musical score for piano, two staves. Treble staff: Measure 39 starts with a sixteenth-note pattern (B, A, G, F#), followed by eighth-note pairs (B, A), (G, F#), (E, D), (C, B). Bass staff: Measure 39 starts with eighth-note pairs (B, A), (G, F#), (E, D), (C, B).

Musical score for piano, two staves. Treble staff: Measure 41 starts with eighth-note pairs (B, A), (G, F#), (E, D), (C, B). Bass staff: Measure 41 starts with eighth-note pairs (B, A), (G, F#), (E, D), (C, B).

Musical score for piano, two staves. Treble staff: Measure 43 starts with eighth-note pairs (B, A), (G, F#), (E, D), (C, B). Bass staff: Measure 43 starts with eighth-note pairs (B, A), (G, F#), (E, D), (C, B).

Musical score for piano, two staves. Treble staff: Measure 45 starts with eighth-note pairs (B, A), (G, F#), (E, D), (C, B). Bass staff: Measure 45 starts with eighth-note pairs (B, A), (G, F#), (E, D), (C, B).

Musical score for piano, two staves. Treble staff: Measure 47 starts with eighth-note pairs (B, A), (G, F#), (E, D), (C, B). Bass staff: Measure 47 starts with eighth-note pairs (B, A), (G, F#), (E, D), (C, B).

59

B♭

B♭

Grandly
(♩) = 90

6

8

6

8

con Ped.

B♭

10

82

E♭/D

86

B♭

90

G

94

f

8.

98

(loco)

B♭

Jellicle Songs for Jellicle Cats

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
TREVOR NUNN and RICHARD STILGOE
after T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 132]

CHORUS (Individually)

Em

F

F

D

Em

Can you say of your bite — that it's worse than your bark? — Are you
 Can you find your way blind — when you're lost in the street? — Do you

Em Cmaj7 F7

CHORUS (Tutti)

cock of the walk — when you're walk-ing a-lone? Be-cause Jel-li-cles are — and Jel - li-cles do, — Jel-li -
 know how to go — to the Hea-vy-side Layer? Be-cause Jel-li-cles can — and Jel - li-cles do, — Jel-li -

B7 B7 E E f A B

- cles do and Jel - li-cles would, Jel - li-cles would and Jel - li-cles can, — Jel - li - cles can and Jel-li - cles do,
 - cles do and Jel - li-cles can, — Jel - li-cles can and Jel - li-cles do, — Jel - li - cles do and Jel-li - cles can,

E A B E A B

— Jel - li - cles can and Jel - li - cles do. — When you ride on a broom-stick to pla - ces far dis - tant Fa -
 — Jel - li - cles can and Jel - li - cles do. — Can you

E A B Em F


 - mi-liar with can-dle, with book and with bell? Were you Whit-ting-ton's friend? The Pied Pi-per's as-sist - ant? Have you
 D Em Cmaj7 F7
 been an a - lum - nus of hea-ven or hell?... Jel - li - cle songs for Jel-li - cle Cats, Jel - li - cle songs for Jel -
 Bb7 B7 E C7 F F/A Bb C
 - li - cle Cats, Jel - li - cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, Jel - li - cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, Jel - li -
 F F/A Bb C F F/A Bb C
 - cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, Jel - li - cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, Jel - li - cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats,
 F# F#/A# B C#7 F# F#/A# B C#7

The image shows a musical score for the song "Jel- li- cle" from the musical "Cats". The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics. The first staff is in G major, the second in F major, the third in E major, and the fourth in C major. The lyrics are as follows:

 — Jel- li- cle songs for Jel- li- cle Cats. — Can you sing at the same time, in more than one key, — Du-

 —ets by Ros-si - ni and waltz-es by Strauss? — And can you (as cats do) be -

 -gin with a C — that al-ways tri - um - phant - ly brings down the house?

 Jel- li- cle Cats are queen of the nights Sing- ing at as - tro - no-mi-cal heights,

Han - del-ling pie - ces from the Mes-si - ah, Hal - le - lu-jah, an - ge - li - cal choir.

G D/G G D

Meno mosso [♩ = 82]

mp The mys - ti - cal di - vin - i - ty of un - a - shamed fe -

mp Meno mosso [♩ = 82]

B♭ B♭ F

f - lin - i - ty Round the ca - the - dral rang "Vi - vat". Life to the

f B♭ F E♭ B♭ A♭

mf e - ver - last - ing cat, Fe - line, fear - less, faith - ful and true To

E♭/G F B♭ B♭m B♭m7

a tempo primo

o-thers who do what Jel-li-cles do, — and Jel-li-cles can, — Jel-li-cles can and Jel-li-cles do, —

f a tempo primo

F7 F13 B \flat E \flat /B \flat F/B \flat B \flat

— Jel-li-cle Cats sing Jel-li-cle chants, Jel-li-cles old and Jel-li-cles new, — Jel-li-cle songs and

E \flat /B \flat F/B \flat B \flat E \flat /B \flat F/B \flat B \flat

Jel-li-cle dance, Jel-li-cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats, — Jel-li-cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats, — Jel-li-

E \flat /B \flat F/B \flat B B/D \sharp E F \sharp 7 B B/D \sharp E

- cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats, — Jel-li-cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats. —

F \sharp 7 B B/D \sharp E F \sharp 7

Prac-ti- cal cats, — dra - ma-ti- cal cats, — Prag - ma-ti- cal cats, — fa - na - ti- cal cats, — O-ra -

8 Cm D \flat /C B \flat /C *loco* Cm

- to-ri- cal cats,.. del- phic - o - ra- cle cats, — Scep-ti-cal cats, — dys - pep - ti- cal cats, — Ro -

Abmaj7 D \flat 7 G \flat 7 G7 C

- man- ti - cal cats, — pe - dan- ti- cal cats, — Cri- ti - cal cats, pa- ra- si - ti- cal cats, — Al- le- go- ri- cal cats, —

C Csus4 C Csus4

— met- a- phor- i- cal cats, — Sta- tis - ti- cal cats and mys - ti- cal cats, — Po - li - ti - cal cats, — hy- po -

C Csus4 C Csus4

- cri - ti - cal cats, — Cle - ri - cal cats, hys - ter - i - cal cats, — Cyn - i - cal cats, rab -

C# Csus C#

- bi - ni - cal cats. — Jel - li - cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, — Jel - li - cle bells that Jel -

Csus D D/F# G9 A7

- li - cles ring, Jel - li - cle sharps and Jel - li - cle flats, — Jel - li - cle songs that Jel - li - cles sing, — Jel - li -

D D/F# G9 A7 D D/F# G9 A7

- cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, — Jel - li - cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, — Jel - li -

Eb Eb/G Ab9 Bb Eb Eb/G Ab9

This musical score is for the musical 'Cats' by Andrew Lloyd Webber. It consists of five staves of music for a vocal ensemble. The vocal parts are: Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), Bass (B), and Bass (B). The score includes lyrics for the 'Jel-licle Cats' song. The vocal parts sing in a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and bass lines. The score is annotated with various musical terms and symbols, such as 'C#', 'Csus', 'D', 'D/F#', 'G9', 'A7', 'Bb', 'Eb', 'Eb/G', 'Ab9', and 'Bb'. The vocal parts are primarily in soprano and alto ranges, while the bass parts provide harmonic support in the lower ranges.

cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats, Jel-li-cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats, Jel-li-cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats.

B♭ E♭ E♭/G A♭ 9 B♭ E♭ E♭/G A♭

Slower, in free tempo

SOLO

There's a man o-ver there with a look of sur-prise, As much as to say, well now

Slower (*colla voce*)

E♭m

F♭

D♭

how a-bout that? Do I ac-tual-ly see with my own ve-ry eyes A

E♭m

C♭7

F♭

CHORUS (*whisper*)

man who's not heard of a Jel-li-cle Cat? What's a Jel-li-cle Cat? What's a Jel-li-cle Cat?

A B♭

E♭

The Naming of Cats

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Slow [♩ = 60]

CHORUS (*spoken in rhythm*)

The



||: Nam-ing of Cats is a dif - fi-cult mat-ter, It is - n't just one of your hol - i-day games; You
may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter When I tell you a cat must have three different names. First of ||



||: all, there's the name that the family use dai-ly, Such as Pet - er, Au - gus-tus, A - lon - zo or James, Such as
Vic - tor or Jon - a-than, George or Bill Bailey, All of them sen - si-ble ev-ery-day names. There are ||



||: fan - ci - er names if you think they sound sweeter, Some for the gen - tle-men, some for the dames: Such as
Pla - to, Ad - me-tus, E - lec - tra, De - me-ter, But all of them sen - si-ble ev - ery-day names. But I ||



||: tell you, a cat needs a name that's par-tic-u-lar, A name that's pe-cu-liar, and more dig-ni-fied, Else
how can he keep up his tail per-pen-dic-u-lar, Or spread out his whis-kers, or che-ri-
-sh his pride? Of ||



names of this kind, I can give you a quo-rum, Such as Mun-kus-trap, Qua-xo or Cor-i - co - pat, Such as

8

Bom - ba - lu - ri - na, or else Jellylorum, Names that never be-long to more than one cat. But a -

loco

bove and beyond there's still one name left ov-er, And that is the name that you nev-er will guess; The name that no hu-man re - search can dis-cover, But the cat himself knows, and will nev-er confess. When you

no - tice a cat in pro - found medi - ta - tion, The rea - son, I tell you, is al - ways the same: His

mind is en - gaged in a rapt con-tem-pla-tion Of the thought, of the thought, of the

Lightly

thought of his name: His in - eff-a-ble eff-a-ble Eff - an - in -

- ef-fa-ble Deep and in-scrut-a-ble sin-gu-lar name.
repeat to fade

The Invitation to the Jellicle Ball

Jellicle Cats come out tonight,
 Jellicle Cats come one come all:
 The Jellicle Moon is shining bright –
 Jellicles come to the Jellicle Ball.

Jellicle Cats meet once a year
 At the Jellicle Ball where we all rejoice,
 And the Jellicle leader will soon appear
 And make what is known as the Jellicle choice –

When Old Deuteronomy just before dawn,
 Through a silence you feel you can cut with a knife,
 Announces the cat who can now be reborn
 And come back to a different Jellicle life.

For waiting up there is the Heavyside Layer,
 Full of wonders one Jellicle only will see,
 And Jellicles ask, because Jellicles dare:
 Who will it be? Who will it be?

The Old Gumbie Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Legato (a Glenn Miller flavour) [$\bullet = 104$]

SOLO

Solo:

I have a Gum-bie Cat in mind, — Her name is Jen-ny-a -

G6 D/F# C

ny dots; — { Her coat is of the tab - by kind, — with
The cur - qual would be hard to find, — she and

Bm7 Am7 Am6 Em7

ti - ger stripes and leo - pard spots. — All day she sits up -
ties the warm and sun - ny spots. — All day she sits up - on be -
it in - to sai - lor knots. — She sits up - on the

F B7 G6

- on the stair — or on the steps or on — the mat: —
- side the hearth — or in the sun or on — my hat: —
win - dow - sill — or a - ny - thing that's smooth — and flat: — } She

D/F# C/E Dm/E C/E Bm/D

sits and sits and sits and sits, — and that's what makes a Gum - bie

Am7 Am6 Em7 Fmaj7 Bb7 B7

rall.

CHORUS

Cat, that's what makes a Gum - bie Cat! But

rall.

C7 Am7 Bm7 B7 Em

Sprightly [♩ = 104]

when the day's hus - tle and bus - tle is done, — Then the Gum-bie Cat's work is but

Sprightly [♩ = 104] sim stacc.

Cm B(5) E♭/B♭ A° A♭7 G7

hard - ly be - gun. — { As And when all the fa - mi-ly's in bed and a - sleep — She

finds that the mice will not e - ver keep quiet, — She is

thinks that the cock - roa - ches just need em - ploy - ment To pre-

Cm Cm6 G7 Cm B(5) E♭/B♭ A°

tucks up her skirts to the base-ment to creep. She is deep-ly con - cerned with the
sure it is due to ir - reg - u-lar diet And be-
vent them from i - dle and wan - ton des - troy - ment. So she's

A♭7

G7

Cm

A♭

ways of the mice: Their be - ha - viour's not good and their man-ners not nice; So

B♭

B♭7

E♭

E♭maj7

A♭maj7

when she has got them lined up on the mat - ting, She tea - ches them mu - sic, cro-chet-

D♭

D♭

G7

SOLO

2

ting and tat - ting. I - liev - ing that no - thing is done - with-out try - ing, She sets

Cm

A♭

B♭

B♭7

right to work with her bak-ing and fry - ing. She makes them a mouse - cake of bread

E♭ E♭maj7 A♭maj7 D♭

and dried peas, And a beau - ti - ful fry — of lean ba - con and cheese. I

D♭ G7 G7

3

formed, from that lot of dis - or - der - ly louts, A troop of well-di - sci - plined

A♭ B♭7 E♭

help - ful boy scouts, With a pur - pose in life — and a good — deed to do; And she's

A♭maj7 D♭ D♭

A musical score for a two-part vocal arrangement. The top part (Soprano/Alto) has lyrics: "ev - en cre - a - ted a Bee - tles' Tat - too. —". The bottom part (Bass/Tenor) provides harmonic support. The score is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are in black, and the harmonic parts are in grey. Chords are labeled below the staff: G, G7, Cm, B°, Cm/B, A°, A♭7, G7, Cm, G7, Cm, B°, Cm/B♭, A°, A♭7, G7, Cm, A♭, B♭7, E♭maj7.

So for Old Gum- bie Cats let us now give three cheers, on whom

A♭maj7 D♭maj7 D♭6 D♭maj7 D♭

well - or - dered house - holds de - pend, it ap - pears. Three cheers!

G7 G+ G Cm Cm/B

three cheers! three cheers! For she's a Jol-ly Good Fel -

colla voce

Cm/B♭ Cm/A A♭maj7 G7 Cmaj F

a tempo

GUMBIE CAT (*spoken*)

- low... Thank you, my dears!

a tempo

D7/F♯ Cm

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand providing bass. The vocal part is on the third staff, with lyrics appearing below the notes. The bottom three staves are for the piano. The score includes several key changes and time signatures. The vocal part starts with a piano introduction, then enters with the lyrics 'So for Old Gum- bie Cats let us now give three cheers, on whom'. The piano accompaniment features chords in A♭maj7, D♭maj7, D♭6, D♭maj7, and D♭. The vocal part continues with 'well - or - dered house - holds de - pend, it ap - pears. Three cheers!', with piano chords in G7, G+, G, Cm, and Cm/B. The vocal part then repeats 'three cheers! three cheers!', with piano chords in Cm/B♭, Cm/A, A♭maj7, G7, Cmaj, and F. The vocal part ends with 'For she's a Jol-ly Good Fel -', followed by 'colla voce' (in parentheses). The piano part then continues with 'Thank you, my dears!', followed by a piano solo section with 'a tempo' markings and chords in D7/F♯ and Cm.

The Rum Tum Tugger

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 120]

CHORUS

The
The

R.T. TUGGER

Rum Tum Tug - ger is a Cur-i - ous Cat: If you of - fer me phea-sant I'd ra-ther have grouse.
Rum Tum Tug - ger is a ter- ri-ble bore: When you let me in, then I want to be out;

A ♯9

If you put me in a house I would much pre-fer a flat, If you
I'm al-ways on the wrong side of e - ver - y door, And as

E E7 E E7

put me in a flat then I'd ra-ther have a house. If you set me on a mouse then I
soon as I'm at home, then I'd like to get a - bout. I like to lie in the

D D7 D D7 E E7

CHORUS

on - ly want a rat, If you set me on a rat then I'd ra - ther chase a mouse.
bur - eau drawer, But I make such a fuss if I can't get out.

The
The

E7

Dm7/G

Dm7/G

R.T. TUGGER

Rum Tum Tug - ger is a Cur - i - ous Cat,
Rum Tum Tug - ger is a Cur - i - ous Cat,

And there is - n't an - y call for me to shout it: }
And it is - n't an - y use for you to doubt it: }

A#9

CHORUS

R.T. TUGGER

For he will do as he do do And there's no do-ing a - ny-thing a - bout it!

D

A/E

F#m

A/E

CHORUS

The

^ ^

^ ^

^ ^

^ ^

2

(out) it!

2

Am D7

CHORUS R.T. TUGGER

The Rum Tum Tug- ger is a cur- i- ous beast: My

Em

dis - o-bli-ging ways are a mat-ter of ha-bit. If you of-fer me fish then I

A⁹ E E7

al- ways want a feast; When there is - n't a - ny fish then I won't eat rab-bit. If you

E E7 D D7 D D7



of-fer me cream then I sniff and sneer, For I on - ly like what I find for my-self;

E E7 E E7 D7



So you'll catch me in it right up to my ears, If you put it a-way on the lar-der shelf.

E7 Dm7/G

CHORUS



The Rum Tum Tug-ger is art-ful and know-ing. The Rum Tum Tug - ger does-n't

Dm7/G

R.T. TUGGER



care for a cud - dle; But I'll leap on your lap in the mid-dle of your sew-ing, For there's

A7

E7

no-thing I en-joy like a hor-ri-ble mud-dle.

Dm7/G

Dm7/G

CHORUS

R.T. TUGGER

The Rum Tum Tug-ger is a Cur-i-ous Cat, And there

is- n't a-ny need for me to spout it:

For he will do as he

A#9

R.T. TUGGER

do do And there's no doing a-ny-thing_ a - bow, a - wow, a - bout _ it!

colla voce

a tempo

A/E

F#m7

A/E

D7

A

Bustopher Jones: the Cat about Town

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Dignified [$\downarrow = 104$]

4

E A/E E A/E E D/E E

CHORUS

Bus - to-pher Jones is not skin and bones, In fact he's re - mar - ka - bly fat.
 cat we all greet as he walks down the street In his coat of fas - ti - di - ous black.

E B7 E

— He does - n't haunt pubs, he has eight or nine clubs, For
 No com - mon place mou - sers have such well-cut trou - sers Or

B7 E B7

1 he's the St. Jame - s's Street Cat! 2 He's the such an im - pec - ca - ble back..

E B7 E E B7

In the whole of St. Jame - s's the smart-est of names_ is The

E D/F# E7/G# A B/A A C#m

name of this Brum-mell_ of cats;_ And we're all of us proud_ to be

D E A/E B E

nod - ded or bowed_ to By Bus - to - pher Jones in white spats!

B7 E B7 E

Slower [♩ = 92] BUSTOPHER JONES

My vi - sits are oc-ca-sion-al to the Se-nior E - du - ca-tion-al And

Slower [♩ = 92]

F F F F Bb

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top two staves are in G major (two sharps) and the bottom four are in F major (one sharp). The lyrics are integrated into the music. Chords are labeled below the staves. The first section ends with a repeat sign and the second section begins with a key change to F major.

it is a - gainst the rules For a - ny one cat to be - long both to that and the



Joint Su - pe - ri - or Schools. For a si - mi-lar rea - son, when game is in sea - son I'm

found not at Fox - s, but Blimp's; I am fre - quent - ly seen at the

gay Stage and Screen Which is fa - mous for wink - les and shrimps. In the

sea - son of ven - 'son I give my ben - son to the Pot - hun - ter's suc - cu - lent bones; And

f

Bb Bb Bb Bb

just be - fore noon's not a mo - ment too soon To drop in for a drink at the

F Bb Eb Bb Bb

Drones. When I'm seen in a hur - ry there's pro - ba - bly cur - ry At the

Ab Abmaj7 Ab6 Ab Ab Eb/G

Si - am - ese or at the Glut - ton; If I look full of gloom then I've

(funereal)

F Eb/G F Db

Tempo 1

CHORUS

lunched at the Tomb On cab - bage, rice pud - ding and mut - ton. In the

Tempo 1

B_bm F7 B_b

whole of St. Jame - s's the smart-est of names is The name of this Brum-mell of cats;

B_b Dm E_b

— And we're all of us proud to be nod-ded or bowed to By Bus - to - pher Jones in white,

F F C7 F C7

3 3 Bus - to - pher Jones in white, Bus - to - pher Jones in white spats.

3 3 F7 B_b F/C C7 F

So, much in this way, pass - es Bus-to-pher's day, — At one
staccato

E E E B7

club or an - o - - ther he's found. — It can be no sur-prise that

E B7 E

un - der our eyes — He has grown un - mis-tak - a-bly round. — He's a

B7 E B7 E

BUSTOPHER JONES CHORUS BUSTOPHER JONES

twen-ty-five poun - der, or I am a boun-der, And he's put-ting on weight ev-ery day: — But I'm

E B7 E B7

so well pre - served be - cause I've ob - served All my life a rou-tine; and I'd say I am

E B7 E B7 E D/F#E/G#

CHORUS

still in my prime: I shall last out my time. That's the word from this stout-est of cats.

legato

A B/A A C#m D

— It must and it shall be Spring in Pall Mall. While Bus - to - pher Jones wears white,

E A/E B/E E B7 E/B B7

Bus - to - pher Jones wears white, Bus - to - pher Jones wears white spats!

E7 A E/B B7 E B7 E

Mungojerrie and Rumpelteazer

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 84]

A musical score for piano, featuring two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in 12/8 time. The music consists of eighth-note patterns, with some notes grouped by vertical lines and others by horizontal dashes. The notes are black on a white background, and the staff lines are clearly defined.

MUNGOJERRIE and RUMPELTEAZER

Mun - go-jer- rie and Rum - pel - tea - zer, we're a no - tor - i - ous cou - ple of cats. As
 Mun - go-jer- rie and Rum - pel - tea - zer have a ve - ry un - us - u - al gift of the gab. We are

knock-a - bout clowns, quick change co - me - di - ans, tight - rope walk - ers and ac - ro - bats We
high - ly ef - fi - cient cat - bur - glars as well and re - mark - a - bly smart at a smash and grab. We

C6 G7

1st time only

merely our cen - tre of o - pe - ra - tion, for we are in - cur - ab - ly giv - en to rove.

C6 A7 Dm6

We are ve - ry well known in Corn - wall Gar - dens, in
make our home in Vic - tor - i - a Grove. We

Dm6 A7+ Dm6

Launcest - on Place and in Ken - sington Square: We have real - ly a lit - tle more re - pu - ta - tion than a
have no re - gu - lar oc - cu - pa - tion. We are plau - si - ble fel - lows, and like to en - gage a

Dm6 C6

cou - ple of cats can ve - ry well bear.
friend - ly pol - ice - men in con - ver - sa - tion.

If the
When the

A7

a - re - a win - dow is found a - jar And the base - ment looks like a field of war, If a fam - ily as - sem - bles for Sun - day din - ner, With their minds made up that they won't get thin - ner On

Dm6

Dm6

tile or two comes loose on the roof, Which pre - sent - ly fails to be wa - ter - proof, If the Ar - gen - tine joint, po - ta - toes and greens, And the cook would ap - pear from be - hind the scenes, And

C6

G7

drawers are pulled out from the bed - room chests, And you can't find one of your win - ter vests, Or say in a voice that is broken with sor - row: I'm a - fraid you must wait and have din - ner to - mor - row! For the

Dm6

Dm6

1st time only

af - ter sup - per one of the girls, Sud - den - ly miss - es her Wool - worth pearls: The joint has gone from the ov - en, like that! The

C6

G7

(both times)

fa - mi - ly will say: 'It's that hor - ri - ble cat!__ Was it Mun - go - jer - rie or
 F

Rum - pel - tea - zer?"

And most of the time they leave it at that.

And most of the time they leave it at that.
 A7

E♭9 A7 E♭9 A7 E♭7

Mun - go - jer - rie and Rum - pel - tea - zer have a

A7 E♭m

won-der-ful way of work-ing to - ge-ther. And some of the time you would say it was luck, and

Ebm

D \flat

some of the time you would say it was wea-ther. We go through the house like a hur - ri - cane, and no

A \flat 7

Ebm6

so - ber per - son could take his oath Was it Mun - go-je-ric or Rum - pel - tea-zer? or

Ebm6

D \flat

could you have sworn that it might-n't be both? And when you hear a din-ing-room smash Or

B \flat 7

Ebm6

up from the pan-try there comes a loud crash Or down from the lib-rary* there comes a loud ping From a

E♭m6 D♭

vase which is com-mon-ly said to be Ming: Then the fa - mi - ly will say: 'Now

A♭ G♭

which is which cat?— It was Mun - go - jer - rie and

Rum - pel-tea-zer!' And there's no-thing at all to be done a-bout that!

B♭7 E♭

Old Deuteronomy

47

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Slow and sustained [♩ = 44]

SOLO

Old Deu-ter - o - no-my's lived a long time; He's a
Old Deu-ter - o - no-my's bur - ied nine wives And

G G G G Fm

cat who has lived ma - ny lives in suc-ces-sion. He was fam-ous in pro-verb and fam-ous in rhyme, A
more, I am temp-ted to say, nine-ty-nine; And his nu-me-rous pro-ge - ny pros-pers and thrives And the

G Dm Am Bm C D

long while be - fore Queen Vic - to - ria's ac - cession.
vil - lage is proud of him

in his dec - line. At the

Bb D G G

sight of that pla - cid and bland phy - si - og-no-my, When he sits in the sun on the

G F/G F/G F#/G G

vi - car - age wall, The Old - est In - ha - bi - tant croaks: 'Well, of
 F#/G F/G E♭ D♭ B♭ D7

all things... Can it be, real - ly!... Yes! No! Ho! Hi! Oh, my eye! My
 G G Fm G Dm

mind may be wan-der-ing, but I con-fess, I be - lieve it is Old Deu-ter - o-no-my!

Am Bm C D B♭ D G

G G Fm G G Dm

Am Bm C D B_b D G

Old Deu - ter - o - no - my sits in the street, He sits in the High Street on
 cars and the lor - ries run o - ver the kerb, And the vil - la - gers put up a

G G Fm G

mar - ket day; The bull - ocks may bel - low, the sheep they may bloat, But the
 no - tice 'Road Closed', So that no - thing un - to - ward may chance to dis - turb Deu-ter -

Dm Am Bm C D

1 2

dogs and the herds-men will turn them a - way. The feels so dis - posed. The di -
 - o - no - my's rest when he

B_b D G G

- ges-tive re-pose of that fe-line's gas - tro - no-my Must ne-ver be bro-ken, What - ev-er be - fall: And the

G F#/G F/G F#/G G F#/G F/G

Old - est In - ha - bi - tant croaks: 'Well, of all things... Can it bc, real - ly!...

Eb D_b B_b D7 G G Fm

OLD DEUT. (2nd time)

Yes! No! Ho! Hi! Oh, my eye! { My mind may be wan - der - ing,
 My legs may be tot - ter - y,

G Dm Am Bm

1 CHORUS 2 rall.

but I con-fess I be - lieve it is Old Deu-ter - o-no-my! Well, of
 I must go slow And be care - ful of Old Deu-ter - o-no-my!

C D B_b D G D7 G

The Awefull Battle of the Pekes and the Pollicles

OF THE AWEFULL BATTLE
OF THE PEKES AND THE POLLICLES
Together with some Account
of the Participation
of the Pugs and the Poms, and
the Intervention of the Great Rumpuscat

The Pekes and the Pollicles, everyone knows,
Are proud and implacable passionate foes;
It is always the same, wherever one goes.
And the Pugs and the Poms, although most people say
That they do not like fighting, yet once in a way,
They will now and again join in to the fray
And they

Bark bark bark bark
Bark bark BARK BARK

Until you can hear them all over the Park.

Now on the occasion of which I shall speak
Almost nothing had happened for nearly a week
(And that's a long time for a Pol or a Pake).
The big Police Dog was away from his beat —
I don't know the reason, but most people think
He'd slipped into the Wellington Arms for a drink —
And no one at all was about on the street
When a Pake and a Pollicle happened to meet.
They did not advance, or exactly retreat,
But they glared at each other, and scraped their hind feet,
And started to

Bark bark bark bark
Bark bark BARK BARK

Until you could hear them all over the Park.

Now the Pake, although people may say what they please,
Is no British Dog, but a Heathen Chinese.
And so all the Pekes, when they heard the uproar,
Some came to the window, some came to the door;
There were surely a dozen, more likely a score.
And together they started to grumble and wheeze
In their huffy-snuffery Heathen Chinese.
But a terrible din is what Pollicles like,
For your Pollicle Dog is a dour Yorkshire tyke.

There are dogs out of every nation,
The Irish, the Welsh and the Danc;
The Russian, the Dutch, the Dalmatian,
And even from China and Spain;
The Poodle, the Pom, the Alsatian
And the mastiff who walks on a chain.
And to those that are frisky and frolical
Let my meaning be perfectly plain:
That my name it is Little Tom Pollicle —
And you'd better not do it again.

And his braw Scottish cousins are snappers and biters,
And every dog-jack of them notable fighters;
And so they stepped out, with their pipers in order,
'Playing When the Blue Bonnets Came Over the Border.'
Then the Pugs and the Poms held no longer aloof,
But some from the balcony, some from the roof,
Joined in
To the din
With a

Bark bark bark bark
Bark bark BARK BARK

Until you could hear them all over the Park.

Now when these bold heroes together assembled,
The traffic all stopped, and the Underground trembled,
And some of the neighbours were so much afraid
That they started to ring up the Fire Brigade.
When suddenly, up from a small basement flat,
Why who should stalk out but the GREAT RUMPUSCAT.
His eyes were like fireballs fearfully blazing,
He gave a great yawn, and his jaws were amazing;
And when he looked out through the bars of the area,
You never saw anything fiercer or hairier.
And what with the glare of his eyes and his yawning,
The Pekes and the Pollicles quickly took warning.
He looked at the sky and he gave a great leap —
And they every last one of them scattered like sheep.

*And when the Police Dog returned to his beat,
There wasn't a single one left in the street.*

The Song of the Jellicles

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 104]

CHORUS (*spoken in rhythm*)

Jel - li - cle Cats come out to - night, Jel - li - cle Cats come one come all: The
Jel - li - cle Moon is shin - ing bright: Jel - li - cles come to the Jel - li - cle Ball.

Jel - li - cle Cats are black and white, Jel - li - cle Cats are ra - ther small;
Jel - li - cle Cats are mer - ry and bright, And plea - sant to hear when we cat - er - waul.

Jel - li - cle Cats have cheer - ful fa - ces, Jel - li - cle Cats have bright black eyes; We
like to prac - tise our airs and graces, And wait for the Jel - li - cle Moon to rise.

Jel - li - cle Cats de - ve - lop slow-ly, Jel - li - cle Cats are not too big;
 Jel - li - cle Cats are ro - ly po-ly We know how to dance a ga - votte and a jig. Un -

- til the Jel - li - cle Moon ap - pears We make our toi-lette and take our re - pose:

8

staccato

Jel - li - cles wash be - hind their ears, Jel - li - cles dry be - tween their tocs.

loco

Jel - li - cle Cats are white and black, Jel - li - cle Cats are of mod-e-rate size;
 Jel - li - cles jump like a jump-ing jack, Jel - li - cle Cats have moon-lit eyes. We're

quiet e - nough in the mor - ning hours, We're quiet e - nough in the af - ter - noon, Re -

- ser - ving our terp - si - chor - e - an powers To dance by the light of the Jel - li - cle Moon.

Jel - li - cle Cats are black and white, Jel - li - cle Cats (as we said) are small; If it

hap - pens to be a stor - my night We will practise a ca - per or two in the hall. If it

hap-pens the sun is shi - ning bright You would say we had no-thing to do at all: We are

f cresc. poco a poco

rest - ing and sav - ing our - selves to be right, For the Jel - li - cle Moon and the Jel - li - cle Ball.

Jel - li - cle Cats come out to - night, Jel - li - cle Cats come one come all: The

ff

poco rall.

Jel - li - cle Moon is shi - ning bright: Jel - li - cles come to the Jel - li - cle Ball.

Here follows 'The Jellicle Ball'.

Grizabella: the Glamour Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Slow [♩ = 68]

SOLO

p She

haunt - ed ma - ny a low re - sort - near the gri - my road of

Bbm

F7

F7

Tot - ten - ham Court; She flit - ted a - bout - the No - man's Land - From The

D_b

D_b

Ebm6

D_b/F

Ris - ing Sun - to The Friend at Hand. And the post - man sighed, as he

G_b

C_b

Bbm

3

scratched his head: — 'You'd real - ly have thought, she ought to be dead — And

F7 F7 D_b

who — would ev-er sup - pose that THAT Was Gri - za - bel - la, the

Bbm Cm B_b E_bm Bbm/F

CHORUS
Gri - za - bel - la, the

Gla - mour Cat! — Gla - mour Cat, — Gri - za - bel - la, the

D_bsus A_bm Bbm/F F7 F7

Gla - mour Cat! — Who'd — have ev - er sup - posed — that THAT

D_bsus D_b Bbm Cm B_b E_bm

A musical score for a vocal part with piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes lyrics: "Was Gri - za - bel - la, the Gla - mour Cat!". The piano part shows harmonic progression with labels: E♭m, B♭m/F, Em, A♭m. The score consists of four staves of music, with the vocal line on the top staff and the piano accompaniment on the lower three staves.

The Moments of Happiness

The moments of happiness . . .
 We had the experience but missed the meaning,
 And approach to the meaning restores the experience
 In a different form, beyond any meaning
 We can assign to happiness . . .
 . . . the past experience revived in the meaning
 Is not the experience of one life only
 But of many generations – not forgetting
 Something that is probably quite ineffable . . .

(from T.S. Eliot 'The Dry Salvages' in *Four Quartets*)

Gus: the Theatre Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 108]

SOLO

Gus is the Cat at the Theatre Door, His name, as I
 coat's very shabby, he's thin as a rake, And he suffers from
 played, in my time, every possible part, And I used to know
 knew how to act with my back and my tail; With an hour of re-

Gmaj7 D/F# F#7 Bm Em7

ought to have told you before, Is real - ly As - para - gus. But
 pal - sy that makes his paw shake. Yet he was, in his youth, quite the
 sev - en - ty spee - ches by heart. I'd ex - tem - por - ize back - chat,
 hear - sal, I ne - ver could fail. I'd a voice that would sof - ten the

A Dsus2 D Gmaj7 D/F#

1,3

that's such a fuss To pro - nounce, that we us - ual - ly call him just Gus. His
 smart - est of cats: But no lon - ger a ter - ror to mice and to
 knew how to gag, And I knew how to let the cat out of the bag. I
 hard - est of hearts, Whe - ther I took the lead, or in cha - rac - ter

F#7 Bm G F#m7 Em9 G/A G D

2,4

rats. For he is - n't the cat joins that he was in his prime; Though his club (Which takes parts. I have sat by the Pan - to - mine bed - side sea - son of friends at their poor lit - tle ne - ver fell Nell; When the flat, and I

D G D/F# Em7 D/F#

4th time to ♫1,3

2

name was quite fam - ous, he says, in his time. And when pub.) He place at the back of the neighbour - ing bell. In the

Cur - few was rung, then I swung on the Whit - ting - ton's

once un - der - stu - died Dick

G D/F# F#7 Bm Bm

loves to re - gale them, if some- one else pays, With an - ec- dotes drawn from his

Em7 A Dsus2 D Em7 A

palm - i - est days. For he once was a Star of the high-est de - gree: He has

likes to re - late his suc - cess on the Halls, Where the

Dsus2 D G D/F# Em7 D/F#

1

2

act - ed with Irv - ing, he's act - ed with Tree. And he
 Gal - le - ry once gave him sev - en cat - calls. But his

G D/F# F#7 Bm Bm

grand-est cre - a - tion, as he loves to tell, Was Fire - frore - fid - dle, the

G F#m7 Em9 G/A Bm Bm Em7 F#m7 Gmaj7 G/A

Dal Segno
§

GUS

Fiend of the Fell. I have

Csus2

G

D

CODA

cat. But my grand-est cre - a - tion, as his - tory will tell, Was

Bm

G F#m7 Em9 G/A

Bm

Bm

Fire - frore - fid - dle, the Fiend of the Fell.

Em7 F#m7 Gmaj7 G/A Csus2 G/B D

SOLO *più mosso*

Then, if some - one will give him a tooth-ful of gin, He will

più mosso

D C#/A D D

tell how he once played a part in 'East Lynne'. At a Shake-spcare per - for- mance he

A7sus/E A7 D D D C#/A

GUS

once walked on pat, when some act - or sug - ges - ted the need for a cat. And I

D D D A E7 A

meno mosso

say: Now, these kit - tens, they do not get trained As we did in the
nev - er get drilled in a re - gu - lar troupe, And they think they are

meno mosso

G

D/F#

Em7

D/F#

G

1

2

SOLO

days when Vic - tor - i - a reigned. They
smart, just to jump through a hoop. And he says as he

D/F#

F#7

Bm

Bm

Em7

GUS

scratch - es him - self with his claws: Well, the Thea - tre is cer - tain - ly

A

Dsus2

D

Em7

A

not what it was. These mod - ern pro - du - c - tions are all ver - y well, but there's

Dsus2

D

G

D/F#

Em

D/F#

no - thing to e - qual, from what I hear tell, That mo - ment of

G D/F# F#7 B G F#m7 Em9

mys - te - ry When I made hi - sto - ry As Fire - frore - fid - dle, the

G/A Bm Bm Em7 F#m7 Gmaj7 G/A

rall.

Fiend of the Fell.

rall.

Csus2 G D

GUS (Sung reprise)

And I once crossed the stage on a telegraph wire,
 To rescue a child when a house was on fire.
 And I think that I still can much better than most,
 Produce blood-curdling noises to bring on the Ghost.
 I once played Growltiger, could do it again . . .

Growltiger's Last Stand

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

[♩ = 116]

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

CHORUS

Growl-

-tig- er was a Bra - vo Cat, who tra- velled on a barge: In fact he was the rough-est cat that

ev - er roamed at large. From Graves-end up to Oxford he pur - sued his e - vil aims, Re -

-joi - cing in his ti- tle of 'The Ter-ror of the Tham-ees'. His

man-ners and ap-pear-ance did not to the weak ca - na - ry, that cal - cu - late to please; His coat was torn and see - dy, he was
 flut-tered from its cage; Woe to the pam-pered Pe - ki - nese, that

bag - gy at the knees; One ear was some-what miss - ing, no need to tell you why, And he
 faced Growl-ti-ger's rage; Woe to the brist - ly Ban- di-coot, that lurks on fo-reign ships, And

slower (expansively)

scowled u - pon a hos-tile world from one for-bid-ding eye. woe to an - y cat with whom Growl-ti - ger came to grips! The cot - ta - gers of Ro-ther-hithe knew
 But most to cats of fo-reign race his

slower (expansively)

some-thing of his fame; At Ham-mer-smith and Put-ney peo-ple shud-dered at his name. They would
 hat - red had been vowed: To cats of fo - reign name and race no quar - ter was al-lowed. The

A^b9 Cm9 F7

for - ti - fy the hen-house, lock up the sil - ly goose, When the ru - mour ran a-long the shore: 'Growl -
Per-sian and the Siam - ese re - gard-ed him with fear, Be - cause it was a Si - am - ese had

a tempo (rall. 2nd time) | 1

a tempo (rall. 2nd time)

| 2

Slower [♩ = 88]

Woe ear.

Now

Slower [♩ = 88]

Ab13 Ab7

legato

D♭

Fm

on a peace-ful sum-mer night, all na-ture seemed at play,
Buck - o-mate, Grum-bus - kin, long since had dis - ap - peared,

The ten-der moon was shin-ing bright, the
For to The Bell at Hamp-ton he had

D♭

Fm

B♭m

Fm

A♭

B♭m

barge at Mole - sey lay. All in the bal - my moon-light it lay rock-ing on the tide, And Growl -
gone to wet his beard; And his bo - sun, Tumble Bru - tus, he too had stol'n a - way: In the

Ab Fm Ab Ebm Fm Gb Ab

1

- tig - er was dis - posed to show his sen - ti-men-tal side. Growl-ti-ger's

yard be-hind the Li - on he was

Ab Gb Ebm Gb Fm Ebm Fm D \flat D \flat

2

poco più mosso

prowl-ing for his prey. In the fore-peak of the ves - sel Growl - tig - er sat a - lone, Con - cen -

Ebm Fm D \flat C \flat C \flat 6

poco più mosso

C \flat maj7

- tra - ting his at - ten - tion on the La - dy Grid - dle - bone. And his raf - fish crew were sleep - ing in their

F \flat F \flat maj7 F \flat 6 A

Amaj7

barrels and their bunks, As the Si - a - mese came creep-ing in their sam-pans and their junks. Growl -

A6

- tig - er had no eye or ear for aught but Grid-dle-bone, And the La - dy seemed en-rap - tured by his

E G \sharp m C \sharp m G \sharp m B C \sharp m

man - ly ba - ri - tone, Dis - posed to re - lax - a - tion, and a - wait-ing no sur -prise; But the

B G \sharp m B F \sharp m G \sharp m A B C \sharp m

poco accel.

moon-light shone re - flec - ted from a thou-sand bright blue eyes. And clo - ser still and clo - ser the

B A F \sharp m A G \sharp m F \sharp m G \sharp m E

poco accel.

Sam-pans cir-cled round, And yet from all the e - ne - my there was not heard a sound. The

rall.

foe was armed with toast-ing forks and cru-el carv-ing knives, And the lov-ers sang their last du-et, in dan-ger of their lives.

rall.

a tempo

Presto [$\text{♩} = 140$]

Then Gilbert gave the signal to his fierce Mongolian horde; With a frightful burst of fireworks the Chinks they swarmed aboard.

ff a tempo

Presto [$\text{♩} = 140$]

Then Grid - dle - bone she

*Here follows 'The Ballad of Billy M'Caw' (p. 74)

gave a screech, for she was bad - ly skeered; I'm
 3

sor - ry to ad - mit it, but she quick - ly dis - ap -
 3

- peared. She pro - - bab - ly es - caped with ease, I'm
 3

sure she was not drowned; But a ser - ried ring of
 3

flash - ing steel Growl - ti - ger did sur - round. The

ruth - less foe pressed for - ward, in stub - born rank on rank; Growl -

- tig - er to his vast sur -prise was forced to walk the plank. He

who a hun - dred vic - tims had dri - ven to that drop, At the

end of all his crimes was forced to go ker - flip, ker -

D Gm Cm Gb

rall. molto Slower

- flop. Oh there was joy in Wapping when the news flew through the land; at

rall. molto Slower

Cm9 A♭7

Mai-den-head and Hen-ley there was dan-cing on the strand. Rats were roas - ted whole in Brent-ford,

Cm9 F F

maestoso rall.

and Vic-to-ria Dock, And a day of ce - le - bra - tion was com - mand - ed in Bang-kok.

maestoso rall.

B♭

The Ballad of Billy M'CaW

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 56]

SOLO [GROWLTIGER]

Oh, how well I re - mem - ber the

E

old Bull and Bush, Where we used to go down of a Sat - ta - day night, Where, when

C♯m C♯ F♯m B

a - ny - think hap - pened, it come with a rush, For the boss, Mr Clark, he was ve - ry po - lite; A

sim. legato

E C♯m C♯ F♯m7 B7

ve - ry nice House, from base - ment to gar - ret A ve - ry nice House. Ah, but it was the par - ret, The

E G♯7 C♯m E7

par - ret, the par - ret named Bil - ly M' Caw, that brought all those folk to the bar. Ah!

freely

he was the life of the bar. Of a sat - ta - day night, we was all feel - ing bright, And

colla voce

Li - ly La Rose, the barmaid that was, she'd say 'Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! Come

give us, come give us a dance on the bar'. And Bil - ly would dance on the bar, and

F#m B E G#7

Bil - ly would dance on the bar. And then we'd feel bal - my, in

C♯m E7 A F♯m

rall.

each eye a tear, And c - mo - tion would make us all or - der more beer. Li - ly,

rall.

B A F♯m B

a tempo

she was a girl what had brains in her head; She would-n't have no - think, no

a tempo

E C♯m C♯ F♯m

not that much said. If it come to an ar - gu - ment, or a dis - pute, She'd set -tle it off -hand with the

sim. legato

B E C♯m C♯ F♯m7

toe of her boot Or as like - ly as not put her fist through your eye. But

B7

E

G[#]7

when we was hap - py, and just a bit dry, Or when we was thir - sty, and

C[#]m

E7

A

F[#]m

rall.

just a bit sad, She would rap on the bar with that cork-screw she had And say

B7

A7

B7

a tempo

'Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! — Come give us a tune on your pas - to - ral flute!' And
'Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! — Come give us a tune on your mo - ley gui - tar!' And

a tempo

E

C[#]7F[#]m

B

Bil - ly'd strike up on his pas - to - ral flute, and Bil - ly'd strike up on his pas - to - ral flute. } And
 Bil - ly'd strike up on his mo - ley gui - tar, and Bil - ly'd strike up on his mo - ley gui - tar. } And

E G \sharp 7 C \sharp m E7

rall.

then we'd feel bal - my, in each eye a tear, and e - mo - tion would make us all

A F \sharp m B A

rall.

1 2 a tempo

or - der more beer. or - der more beer. 'Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! Come

B7 B7 E C \sharp 7

a tempo

rall.

give us a tune on your mo - ley gui - tar! Ah! He was the Life of the bar.

F \sharp m B A A/F \sharp E

rall.

Skimbleshanks: the Railway Cat

79

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T. S. ELIOT

Lively [♩ = 98]

E C[#]m/E F[#]m7/E B/E E C[#]m/E F[#]m7/E B/E

CHORUS

E C[#]m/E F[#]m7/E B/E E C[#]m/E F[#]m7/E B/E

SKIMBLE

Cat of the Rail - way Train! There's a

E B⁷/E F[#]m/E E C[#]m/E F[#]m7/E B/E

Vivace [♩ = 144]

whis - per down the line at e - le - ven thir - ty - nine When the
say that by and large it was me who was in charge Of the

Vivace [♩ = 144]

E B/D[#] C[#]m E/B

CHORUS (1st time)

Night Mail's ready to de - part,
Sleep - ing Car Ex - press.

Say -ing 'Skim-ble where is Skim-ble, has he
From the dri - ver and the guards to the

A D/A A E

F#m/E

B7/E

gone to hunt the thim - ble? We must find him or the train can't
bag - men play - ing cards I would su - per - vise them all, more or

Esus2

E/B

G#m

A A/B

SKIMBLE (1st time)
CHORUS (2nd time)

start.'
less.

All the guards and all the por-ters and the sta-tion-master's daughters would be
Down the cor - ri - dor he pa - ces and ex - am-ines all the fa - ces Of the

E

E

B/D#

C#m

E/B

sear - ching high and low,
travellers in the First and the Third;

Say -ing 'Skimble where is Skim-ble, for un -
He es - tab - lish - es con - trol by a

A

D/A A

A/E

E

F#m/E

B7/E

SKIMBLE
(2nd time)

- less he's ve - ry nim - ble Then the Night Mail just can't go.
 re - gu - lar pat - rol And he'd know at once if an - y - thing oc - curred.
 At e -
 He would

Esus2 E/B Gm A A/B E

- le - ven for - ty - two with the sig - nal o - ver - due And the
 watch you with - out wink - ing and he saw what you were think - ing And it's

E G/E F#m/E

pas-sen - gers all fran - tic to a man,
 cer - tain that he did - n't ap - prove That's when I would ap - pear and I'd
 Of hi - la - ri - ty and ri - ot, so the

E G/E F#m E A E/G#

saun - ter to the rear: I'd been bu - sy in the lug - - gage
 folk were ve - ry qui - et When Skim - ble was a - bout and on the

F#m11 E/G# A E/G#

CHORUS

van!
move. Then You he gave one flash of his
pranks with _____

F#m11 B7 E B/D#

SKIMBLE
(1st time)

glass - green eyes And the sig - nal went 'All Clear!' They'd be
Skim - ble - shanks! He's a cat that can-not be ig - nored; So _____

C#m E/B A D/A A A/E E

off at last for the north - ern part Of the North - ern He - mi -
nothing went wrong on the North - ern Mail When Skim - ble - shanks was a -

F#m/E B7/E Esus2/B E/B G#m A A/B

1 CHORUS

Skim - ble - shanks, the Rail - way Cat, the
- sphere.

E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E

SKIMBLE

Cat of the Rail-way Train! You could

E B7/E F#m/E E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E

SKIMBLE

board. It was ve-ry pleas-ant when they'd ev-ery sort of light, you could

E E D6

found their lit-tle den with their name writ-ten up on the
make it dark or bright, And a but-ton that you turn to make a

E D6 E D6

door. And the berth was ve-ry neat with a new-ly fol-ded sheet And
breeze; And a fun-ny lit-tle ba-sin you're sup-posed to wash your face in And a

E D6 E D6 E D6

not a speck of dust on the floor.
crank to shut the window should you

1 2

There was sneeze. Then the

E D6 E D6 E D6

guard looked in po-lite - ly and would ask you ve-ry bright-ly 'Do you like your mor-ning tea weak or

A D G E A

strong?' But I was just be-hind him and was rea-dy to re-mind him, For Skimble won't let a-ny-thing go

A E/G# F#m11 E/G# A E/G#

CHORUS

wrong. When they crept in - to their co - cosy berth And

F#m11 B7 E B/D# C#m E/B

pulled up the coun-ter - pane, — They ought to re-flect that it's ve - ry nice To
 A D/A A A/E E A/B B7 Esus2/B E/B

know that they would -n't be both-ered by mice: — They could leave all that to the Rail-way Cat, the
 A/B B7 Esus2/B E/B A/B B7 Esus2/B E

Cat of the Rail-way Train! Skim - ble - shanks, the Rail - way Cat, the
 G♯m A A/B E F Gm/F C/F F Gm/F C/F

SKIMBLE

Cat of the Rail - way Train! In the
 F C/F B♭/F F Dm7/F Gm7/F C/F

watch-es of the night I was al-ways fresh and bright; Ev-ery now and then I'd have a cup of
 fast a-sleep at Crewe and so they nev-er knew that I was walk - ing up and down the

F C/E Dm F/C B_b E_b/B_b B_b

tea sta-tion; With per - haps a drop of Scotch while I was keep-ing on the watch, On - ly
 They were sleep-ing all the while I was bu - sy at Car - lisle, Where I

F Gm/F C7/F Fsus2

stop-ping here and there to catch a flea. They were
 met the sta - tion ma - ster with e - la - tion. They might

Am B_b B_b/C F F

see me at Dum-fries, if I sum-moned the po - lic If there was a - ny-thing they ought to know a -

F A_b/F Gm/F F A_b/F

CHORUS

- bout: When they got to Gal - low-gate there they did not have to wait, For

Gm/F F Bb F/A Gm11 F/A

rall. molto

Skim - ble-shanks would help them to get out! And he

Bb F/A Gm11 C7 C7

a tempo

gave you a wave of his long brown tail Which says: 'I'll see you a - gain! You'll

F C/E Dm F/C Bb F

a tempo

rall. molto

meet with-out fail on the Mid - night Mail the Cat of the Rail - way Train.'

Gm/F C7/F Fsus2 F Am7 Bb Bb/C F

rall. molto

Macavity: the Mystery Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 86]

mf (Menacing) *Finger snaps*

SOLO

Mac - a - vi-ty's a Mys - tery Cat: he's called the Hid-den Paw, For

mf

Cm Cm/E♭ F7 G7

he's the mas-ter cri - mi-nal who can de-fy the law. He's the baf - fle-ment of Scot - land Yard, the

Cm Cm/E♭ F7 G7 Cm Cm7/B♭

3

Fly - ing Squad's des-pair: For when they reach the scene of crime, Mac -

3

F7/A A♭7

3

- a - vi - ty's_ not there! You may seek him in the base - ment, you may look up in the air:

p

3

But I tell you once and once a - gain, Mac - a - vi - ty's_ not there! Mac -

sub. f

G7

- a - vi - ty's a gin - ger cat, he's ve - ry tall and thin; You would know him if you saw him, for his

mf

Cm Cm/E_b F G7 Cm Cm/E_b

eyes are sun-ken in. His brow is deep - ly lined with thought, his head is high - ly domed; His

F G7

coat is dus - ty from ne-glect, his whis - kers are un-combed. He

sways 3 his head 3 from side 3 to side, 3 with move - ments like 3 a snake; And

when you think he's half a-sleep, he's al - ways wide a-wake. Mac -

- a - vi - ty, Mac - a - vi - ty, there's no one like Mac - a - vi - ty. There
- a - vi - ty, Mac - a - vi - ty, there's no one like Mac - a - vi - ty, For

ff

Cm Cm/Eb F7 D7/F# (G7)

he's a fiend in fe-line shape, a mon-ster of de-pra-vi-ty. You may
nev-er was a cat of such de-ceipt-ful-ness and sua-vi-ty. He

ff

Cm Cm/E♭ F7 D7 (G7)

3

meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square: But What -
al-ways has an a-li-bi, and one or two to spare:

Cm Cm/E♭ F7 F♯

3

when ev-er a crime's dis-cov-ered, then Mac-a-vi-ty's not there! He's
time the deed took place, Mac-a-vi-ty wasn't there! And

p

out-ward-ly res-pect-a-ble. (I know he cheats at
when the Fo- reign Of-fice find a Trea-ty's gone as -

Finger snaps

cards,) And his foot-prints are not found in an - y
 -tray, Or the Ad - mi - ral - ty lose some plans or

file — of Scot - land Yard's And when the lar - der's loot - ed, or the
 draw-ings by — the way, And when the loss has been dis-closed, the

Finger snaps

jew - el - case is ri - - fled, — or when the milk is miss - ing, or an -
 Se - cret Ser - vice say: 'It must have been Mac - a - vi - ty!' but

oth - er Peke's been sti - fled, Or the green house glass is bro - ken, and the
 he's a mile a - way. You'll be

Cm Cm7/Bb

3 3 3

trel - lis past re-pair, There's the won - der of the thing, Mac - a - vi - ty's not there! Mac -

3 3 3

sub. f

F7/A A♭7

2

sure to find him rest - ing, or a - lick - ing of his thumbs, Or en -

Cm Cm/B♭ F7/A A♭7

3 3 3 3

- gaged in do - ing com - pli - ca - ted long di - vi - sion sums. Mac -

3 3 3 3

p

3 3 3 3

- a - vi - ty, Mac - a - vi - ty, there's no one like Mac - a - vi - ty, There ne - ver was a cat of such de -

ff

Cm Cm/E♭ F7/D♭ D7/F♯ (G7) Cm Cm/E♭

-ceit - ful-ness and sua - vi - ty. He al - ways has an a - li - bi, and one or two to spare: what -

F7 D7/F# (G7) Cm Cm/Eb F7 F#^o

3

- e - ver time the deed took place, Mac- a-vi-ty was -n't there! And they say that all the cats whose wick-ed

p

deeds are wide- ly known (I might men - tion Mun - go - jer - rie, Rum - ple - tea - zer, Grid - dle - bone) pp Are

Finger snaps

3

no - thing more than ag - ents for the cat who all the time just con - trols the o - pe-ra - tions: The Na -

pp leggiero

Cm Cm/Bb F7/A Ab7

- po - le - on of Crime! 3 ff Mac -

sub. *f* 3 3 3 3 3

G7 3 3 3 3 3

- a - vi - ty, Mac-a - vi - ty, there's no one like Mac-a - vi - ty, He's a fiend in fe-line shape, a 3

ff 3

Cm Cm/E♭ F7 D7/F♯ (G7) Cm Cm/E♭

mon - ster of de - pra - vi - ty. You may meet him in a by - street, You may 3

F7 D7/F♯ (G7) Cm Cm7/B♭

see him in the square: But when a crime's dis-cov - ered, then Mac - a - vi - ty's not there! 3

p ff

F7/A 3 p ff

A♭7.

Mr. Mistoffelees

97

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 84]

SOLO You ought to ask Mr. Mistoffelees!
The Original Conjuring Cat. The great-est ma - gi - cians have some-thing to learn. From

p f p cresc.

C

Mis - ter Mis - tof - fel - ee - s's Con-jur - ing Turn. Pre - sto! And we all say:

f

CHORUS

Oh! Well I ne - ver! Was there e - ver a cat so clo-ver as Ma - gi - cal Mis - ter Mis - tof -

F C/E

Gm7

C7

F

F/A

Bb

1 fel - ees!

2 fel - ees!

SOLO

He is quiet, he is small, he is black
His manner is vague and a - loof,

From his
You would

Bb/C

Bb/C

F

A♭

ears to the tip of his tail; —
 think there was no-bo-dy shy - er, He can creep thru' the ti - ni- est crack,
 But his voice has been heard on the roof He can When

B_b F F A_b

walk on the nar-row-est rail.
 he was curled up by the fire. He can pick a - ny card from a pack,
 And he's some-times been heard by the fire, He is When

B_b A_b B_b A_b

e - qual-ly cun-nig with dice;
 he was a- bout on the roof He is al-ways de-ceiv-ing you in - to be-liev - ing That he's
 (At least we all heard that some-bo-dy purred) Which is

D_b F B_b F

on-ly hunt-ing for mice.
 in-con-test - a - ble proof He can play a-ny trick with a cork Or a spoon and a bit of fish paste; If you
 Of his sin - gu-lar ma - gi-cal powers: And I've known the fam-ily to call Him

E_b C7 C7 cresc. poco a poco C7

look for a knife or a fork
 in from the gar - den for hours, And you think it is mere-ly mis - placed,
 You have
 And

C7 C7

seen it one mo - ment, and then it is gawn! But you'll find it next week ly-ing out on the lawn.
 not long a - go this phe - no-me-nal cat Pro - duced se-ven kit - tens right out of a hat!

C

1st time Dal Segno CHORUS
2nd time on

And we all say: Oh! Well I ne - ver! Was there e - ver a cat so cle-ver as
 And we all said:

C7 F C/E Gm7 C7

1 repeat ad lib. last time SOLO

Ma - gi - cal Mis - ter Mis-tof - fel - ees! - fel - ees! Ladies and gentlemen, I give
 you the marvellous, Magical
 Mister Mistofflees! Presto!

repeat ad lib.

F F/A Bb Bb/C Dm

Memory

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
TREVOR NUNN
after T.S. ELIOT

Freely [♩ = 50]

Piano introduction in 12/8 time, key of B-flat. The score consists of two staves: treble and bass. The treble staff has a bass clef, and the bass staff has a treble clef. The music is marked 'mp' (mezzo-forte). The piano part consists of eighth-note chords and sustained notes.

GRIZABELLA

Section for voice and piano. The vocal line begins with 'Mid night. Not a sound from the pave ment.' The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The key changes from B-flat to G major at the end of the section.

Mid night. Not a sound from the pave ment. Has the moon lost her
Me mory All a lone in the moon light I can smile at the

Bb Gm

Continuation of the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line continues with 'me mory? She is smiling a lone. In the old days, I was beau ti ful then. I re'. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The key changes from G major to E-flat major at the end of the section.

me mory? She is smiling a lone. In the
old days, I was beau ti ful then. I re

Eb Dm

Continuation of the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line continues with 'lamp mem ber the wi thered leaves col lect at my feet And the the time I knew what hap pi ness was, Let the'. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The key changes from E-flat major to C major at the end of the section.

lamp mem ber the wi thered leaves col lect at my feet And the the
time I knew what hap pi ness was, Let the

Cm Gm

1 12

wind begins to moan. me - mory live a -

F E♭/F B♭ F E♭/F

gain. E - very street lamp seems to beat a

B♭ Dm Dm/E♭ Cm/E♭ Dm Dm/E♭ Cm/E♭

fa - tal - is - tic war - ning. Some - one mut - ters and a

Dm B♭ C F Fmaj7 Dm Gm7

street lamp gut - ters and soon it will be morn - ing.

C7 Fmaj7 Dm G7 C

poco rit.

poco rit.

a tempo



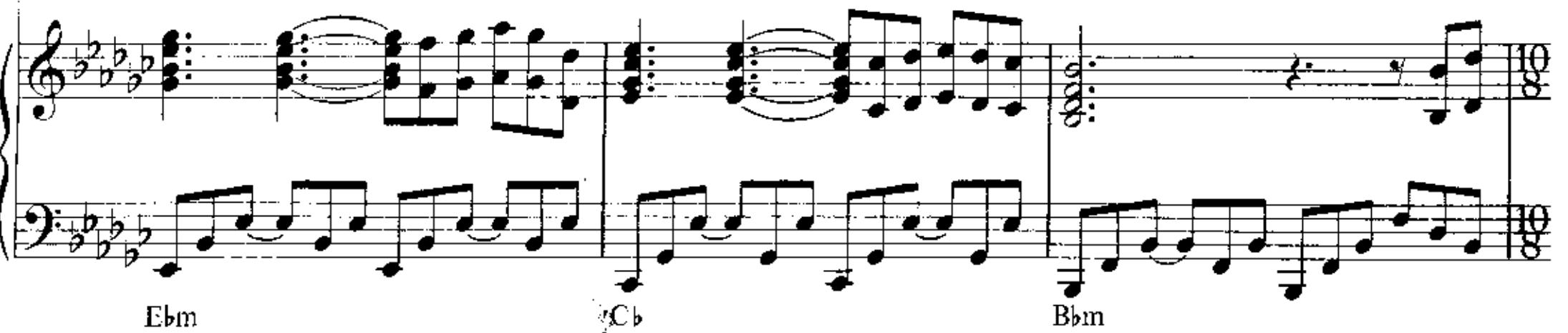
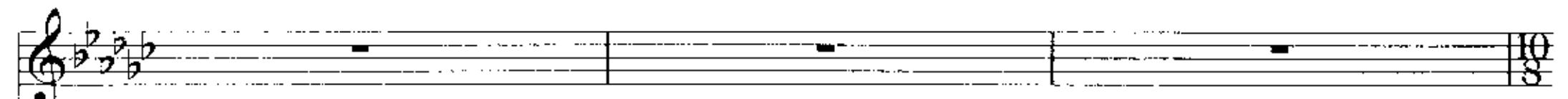
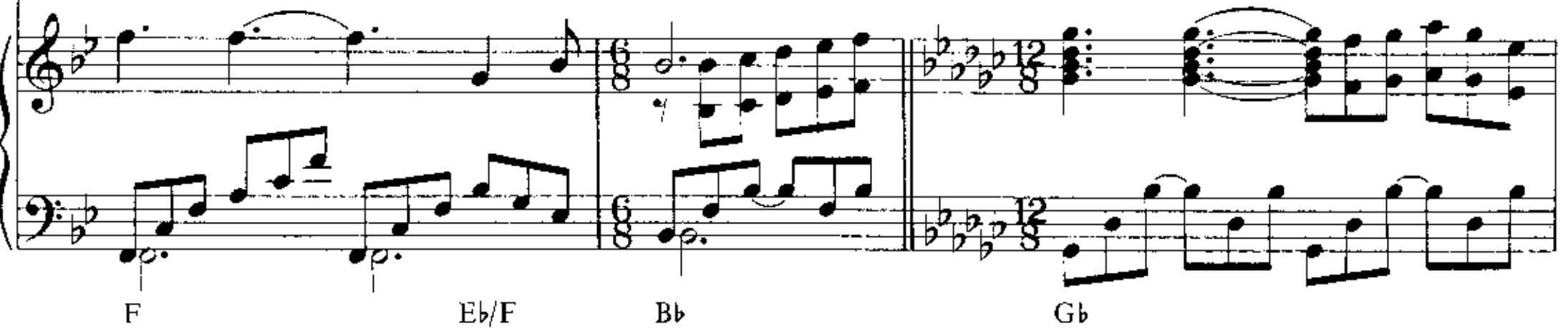
a tempo



in. When the dawn comes to-night will be a me-mo-ry too And a



new day will be - gin.



10 12 6

10 12 6

10 12 6

Abm7 Ebm Db C \flat /D \flat

6

Burnt out ends of smo - ky days, the

6

G \flat B \flat m B \flat m/C \flat Abm/C \flat B \flat m B \flat m/C \flat Abm/C \flat

stale cold smell of mor - ning. The street lamp dies, an - o - ther

B \flat m G \flat A \flat 7 D \flat B \flat m7 Ebm7

poco rit.

night is ov - er, an - o - ther day is dawn - ing.

A \flat 7 D \flat maj7 B \flat m E \flat 7 A \flat A \flat 7

poco rit.

a tempo

Touch me. It's so ea - sy to leave me All a - lone with the

a tempo

D_bB_bm

rall.

a tempo

me - mory Of my days in the sun. If you touch me you'll un-der-stand what

rall.

a tempo

G_b

Fm

E_bmsusE_bm

rall.

a tempo - slightly slower

hap-pi-ness is. Look a new day has be - gun.

rall.

a tempo - slightly slower

B_bmA_bG_b/A_bD_b

[Grizabella is chosen to go to the Heavyside Layer.]

The Journey to the Heavyside Layer

105

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Grandly [♩ = 104]

Text by
T. S. ELIOT

CHORUS

Up up up past the Russell Ho-tel, Up up up up to the Hea-vy-side Layer.

Up up up past the Russell Ho-tel, Up up up up to the Hea-vy-side Layer.

* For complete instrumental, take in bars 61 to 88 of Overture (pp. 8 - 10)

The Ad-dressing of Cats

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 92]

The musical score consists of five staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano line is in bass F-clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are in parentheses below the vocal line, and the piano chords are indicated below the bass line.

Chords:

- Top staff: Bb, Bb, F/A
- Second staff: Gm, Eb, Bb/F, Gm
- Third staff: A♭, Fsus4, F, Bb, F/A
- Fourth staff: Gm, Bb/F, Eb, Bb/F, Gm

Lyrics (in parentheses):

You've heard of sev- eral kinds of cat, And
dogs pre-tend they like to fight; They

my of - op - in - ion now is that You should need no in - ter - pret - er To
ten bark, more sel - dom bite; But yet a dog is, on the whole, What

un - der - stand our char - ac - ter. You've learned e - nough to take the view That
you would call a sim - ple soul. The us - ual dog a - bout the town Is

cats much are much like in - clin ed to me play and you. You've seen us both at work and games, And
the clown, And far from show - ing too much pride Is

learnt a - bout our pro - per names, Our ha - bits and our ha - bi - tat: But
 fre - quent-ly un - dig - ni - fied. He's such an ea - sy - go - ing lout, He'll

Bb/F Gm Bb/F Gm

CHORUS

How would you ad - dress a cat? *f* So
 an - swer a - ny hail or shout. The

Bb/F Eb/F Bb Eb/Bb

1
 first, your me - mo - ry I'll jog, And say: a cat is not a
 us - ual dog a -

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Gm Bb/F E_b B_b/D C_m B_b F E_b

OLD DEUTERONOMY

dog. *mp* Now

Bb F/Bb E_b/Bb F7/Bb (no 5th)

2

- bout the town is in - clined to play the clown. A - gain I must re -

Bb E_b/Bb Bb Cm/Bb Bb F E_b Bb E_b/Bb

- mind you that A — dog's a dog, a cat's a

Bb Gm Bb/F E_b B_b/D Cm B_b F E_b

OLD DEUTERONOMY

cat. *mf* With cats, some say, one rule is

legato *mp*

Bb E_b/Bb

rall. true: Don't speak till you are spo - ken to. My -

Bb C7 F C7 F

rall.

Bb C7 F C7 F

a tempo

-self, I do not hold with that. I say, you should ad - dress a cat. But

a tempo

D Gm E7 Am

al - ways keep in mind that he Re - sents fa - mi - li - ar - i - ty. You

F#7 Bm Em F#

bow, and tak - ing off your hat, ad - dress him in this

mp

B E/B B C# F#

rall.

a tempo (poco meno mosso)

form: O Cat! Be - fore a cat will con - des-cend To

rall.

a tempo (poco meno mosso)

C# F# B F#/A#

treat you as a trust - ed friend, Some lit - tle to - ken _ of es-teem Is
 G♯m B/F♯ E B/F♯ G♯m

need - ed, like a dish of cream; And you might now and then sup-ply Some
 A F♯ E/F♯ F♯ B C♯m/B B F♯/A♯

ca - vi - are or Strass - burg Pie, Some pot - ted grouse, or _ sal - mon paste: He's
 G♯m B/F♯ E E6 B/F♯ G♯m

sure to have his _ per-son-al taste. And so in time you _ reach your aim, And
 B/F♯ G♯m B/F♯ G♯m

CHORUS

call him by his name. *f* A

f marcato

B/F# G#m/F E6/F# B E/B

cat's en-tit - led to ex-pect these e - vi - den - ces of res - pect. So

B E/B B E B/D# C#m B F# E

this is this, and that is that: And there's how you ad -

B E/B B G#m B/F# E B/D# C#m B

1 **2**

-dress a cat. *ff* A cat. _____

ff

F# E B E/B E E6 B B